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The Angel Sculptor

In his studio the sculptor
Sat and grieved despairfully:
"If I only had some precious
Costly wood from sandal tree
I would carve a worthy image,
Mother of my Lord, for thee.
This old fire-log by the hearth-stone?
'Tis too common, utterly."

So he grieved and grieving slumbered,
While his tools lay idly by.
As he slept, an angel hurried
In his dream, from out the sky:
Girding round the toil-stained apron,
'Gan the sculptor's tools to ply,
On that oak-log by the hearthstone,
On that oak-log, old and dry.

Chip! Chip! Splinters went a dancing
With each deft angelic stroke:
From the gnarled and crooked oak-log,
Soon the Virgin's image broke.
Now 'twas done,—the angel vanished,
And the sculptor wondering woke;
There before him shone the marvel
Carved from that old log of oak.

Do the things that lie before thee,
Seek not far for mightier deeds;
While you wait the moments vanish,—
Many a heart unaided bleeds;
While the words you might have spoken
Die like wasted flower-seeds,
And the mind and heart left fallow
Overgrow with noxious weeds.

—Augustine Zeller, C. Ss. R.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES AMERICAN OCCUPATION

The reader has now some idea of the extent, population, and climatic conditions of the Islands over which the American flag floated for the first time that 13th of August, 1898. But, though the flag was flying in Manila and twenty million dollars were paid to Spain, the Islands were not yet in the possession of the United States.

The Filipino revolutionary army had taken no part in the capture of Manila, and was not allowed, for many reasons, to enter it after its surrender. Then began a misunderstanding and mistrust which led to many a hard-fought fight between the American and the revolutionary armies. The Filipino rebels could not see wisdom in driving out Spaniards merely to admit Americans. Their motto was: "The Philippines for the Filipinos," and a congress which met at Malolos, in January, 1899, proclaimed the independence of the Archipelago. In less than two weeks after the proclamation of the "Malolos Constitution" an attack was made on the American lines surrounding Manila. On the night of February 4th the battle raged with great fury along the entire circle of defences surrounding the city. Although the Filipinos charged with great bravery the Volunteer regiments of the United States army proved too much for them. When morning broke the Filipino line of attack had been shattered at every point, and the Americans had considerably advanced their positions. On March 25th the victorious troops began an advance on the rebel capital, Malolos, and after six days fighting it was taken.

The Philippine War thus begun went on intermittently for two years. There were only two or three real battles, but there were over 2,000 minor engagements. On both sides there was shown much skill and courage. There was the usual mad bitterness of war, and the usual accusations and counter-accusations of cruelty and frightfulness, and many brave young lives were lost. The non-combatants suffered too, as they always suffer, in the dreadful play of war, and it was with a sigh of relief that many Filipinos welcomed the appointment of the Philippine Civil Commission which entered on its duties on September 1st, 1900.*

*Another commission, called the First Philippine Commission, had been appointed in January, 1899. Its object was to investigate the conditions of the Islands.

This Commission took over the government from the military, established various Departments and Bureaus, and made many laws and reforms. It consisted at first of five members: Judge (later President) Taft, Judge Wright, Judge Ide, Professor Worcester and Professor Bernard Moses. Later on three Filipino members were added: Messrs. Tavera, Legarda and Luzuriaga. As the government Bureaus were numerous (including, for instance, the Bureau of Public Health, Forestry, Mining, Weather, Agriculture, Posts, Justice, Customs, Internal Revenue, and the like), and as these were manned to a very considerable extent by Americans, people came in large numbers from the States to the Philippines in the first years of the occupation. Of late years, however, the policy of the American authorities is to give government positions to Filipinos and consequently Americans are being rapidly displaced. Some are fortunate enough to get positions under the Home Government. Many, however, seeing no future in their Philippine positions, accept the modest pension offered to them, cut themselves adrift from government service, and try their luck elsewhere. The editor of a Manila paper wrote recently: "Fifty more returned to the States this week! If this exodus continues we shall soon have no Americans left save those who are sleeping in the green grass-plots of the graveyards." Commerce, however, will probably keep a fair number on the Islands, as it keeps Englishmen, Germans, Chinese, and traders of many other nations.

In October, 1907, the Philippine Civil Commission became the Upper House in Philippine Legislature and the Filipinos were given a Parliament, or Assembly (as it is called), consisting of eighty-one elective members and constituting the Lower House. Last year another very important change took place in the government of the Islands: The Filipinos were granted a senate and full Home Rule. It is said that they now have more complete autonomy than even the Canadians have within the British empire. In the preamble to the Jones' Bill (the name by which the Home Rule bill is known), the United States Government declares that it has no intention of retaining dominion over the Philippines, and that when the natives are capable of full independence it will be willingly given to them. In the meantime a Filipino army is being organized and the United States Army is being rapidly withdrawn from the Islands.

THE FILIPINO RACE.

Who, it will be asked, are these people who are thus coming forward to take their place, and have their worth tested among the nations of the earth? We have been considering the conditions of the Islands, their recent history and their manner of government, but little has been said about the people themselves, their character, language, or religion.

It is strange how little is known of the Filipinos in the outer world beyond their own shores. The ordinary man of the street, the world over, can tell you little of them beyond the fact that they received their name from King Philip of Spain, in whose reign the first Spanish settlement was made on the Islands. Yet the history of the Filipinos is not without interest. For one thing, they are the first people of the brown race to reach any stage of civilization. They are really conquerors of the group of islands in which they live. The present inhabitants are not the descendants of the aboriginal race. The aboriginals (whose existence on the Islands, by the way, is a puzzle to ethnologists) were black and very small, with flat noses, wooly hair, and thick lips. They were called by the Spaniards "Negritos" or "little negroes", and that is the name by which they are best known. The present day Filipinos are taller than the Negritos, though not so tall as white men. They are brown, or light copper in color, are straightly built, have fine teeth and rich black hair. Their other chief physical characteristics are prominent cheek-bones, slightly thickened lips, and flat noses.*

The Filipinos are a branch of the Malayan race—that race that is scattered through the huge group of islands which lie between China and Australia. Many of them also dwell on the peninsula which runs from the south of Burma far into the China Sea and which receives from them its name of "Malay Peninsula". The first Malays to reach the Philippines came probably from the Malay Peninsula, or from Sumatra. Other groups came at different times, and settled on the Islands, and little by little the weaker Negritos were driven from the coasts and lowlands and were compelled to take shelter in the mountains. To this day Negritos are found living in a savage state in the mountains of Luzon, Negros, Panay and Mindanao. Some of the earlier Malay settlers intermarried with the Negritos, and it is thought

*"Very early marriages," writes Mr. Worcester, "are responsible in part for the poor physical development so common among the Filipinos." "They (the Malaysans)" writes Mr. Barrows, "are finely formed, muscular, and active." These two judgments on the physical development of the Filipinos afford one instance of many that might be cited to show how writers disagree when treating even of obvious facts in the Philippines.

that the wild tribes of Mendoro and Paragua are their descendants. Among other descendants of the earlier groups of Malay immigrants are probably the Igorrotes who still retain many savage customs, and a tribe whose religion is Mahometanism, and who were called by the Spaniards, Moros, or Moors, as the Mahometans whom the Spaniards had such reason to know in Europe were called by this name.

The remaining native population of the Philippines is classified under the name of Christian Filipinos, and is divided into eight groups. It would be misleading to call these groups "tribes", and besides the term "tribe" is resented by Filipino leaders. These groups are Visayans, Tagalogs, Ilocanos, Bicol, Pampangans, Pangasinans, Cagayans and Zambalans.

The following table, compiled for the *Philippine Review* (April, 1917) gives the latest calculation of the proportionate population and distribution of the whole Filipino people:

Christians	8,413,347
Mahometans	315,980
Pagans	618,637
Unclassified Pagans (mostly Negritos or Semi-Negroid types)	81,941
Foreign Born	73,366

Total.....9,503,271

These classifications must be taken in a general sense. Some of the pagan tribes have missionaries (Catholic and Protestant) working amongst them, and later on we shall see that many of those classified as Christians have little claim to that title. The writer in the *Philippine Review* supplied some interesting information with regard to the foreign-born residents in the Philippines. He says: "The great majority of foreign-born residents fall into two classes: first, Asiatics; and second, Americans and Europeans. Of the first class the Chinese are by far the most numerous, numbering not far from 50,000. They are almost exclusively engaged in commercial pursuits. Many of them are married to native women and expect to remain permanently in the country. The remaining Asiatics are chiefly Japanese and East Indians. . . . The Japanese are immigrating more rapidly than any other foreign people. . . . Of the second class, Americans are the most numerous and Spaniards a close second. A majority of

the Americans are employed in some form or other by the government, while the remainder are engaged chiefly in commerce or professional activities. Spaniards are engaged in commerce, agriculture, manufacturing, shipping, and all other lines of industry. Other Europeans are principally English, Germans, and Swiss. . . . Probably nearly nine tenths of the purely commercial activities of the Islands are still in the hands of foreign-born residents."

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.,
Opon, Cebu, P. I.

FATHER TIM CASEY

After the authorities had turned down Immaculata Sheehan's application to go to France as a war nurse and Father Casey had thrown cold water on her plans of "adopting a soldier", she finally compromised by volunteering her services to St. Mary's Red Cross Sewing Circle. Yet withal her romantic soul was sorely famished amid the desert of woolen sweaters, wristlets, and helmets; so much so that when Father Casey dropped in to offer a word of encouragement to the workers, she surprised them all by blurting out:

"Father, I have been thinking of retiring from the world to take the veil among the holy Carmelites. Do you think I have a vocation for the religious state?"

"Why, Immaculata," he replied, "this is hardly the time or place for deciding so momentous a question."

She opened wide her dreamy eyes in childlike (?) wonder: "Surely, Father," she drawled, "you have no doubt about my being called to the higher life?"

"Not exactly a doubt," equivocated the priest. "I would only say that the thermometer doesn't show it."

"What do you mean, Father?—the thermometer?"

"The thermometer that infallibly indicates the degree of genuine piety in a soul, is devotion to the great central act of worship in God's Church—the holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed Mrs. Dennis, "doesn't Immaculata Sheehan go to Mass on Sunday!"

"To go to Mass on Sunday and to have genuine devotion for the holy Sacrifice, are not always one and the same thing. To go to Mass on Sunday is a strict obligation that must be fulfilled by every Catholic

who wants to keep out of hell; to have true devotion to the holy Sacrifice is to understand the meaning of this sublime mystery and to govern your conduct accordingly."

"Why, Father Casey!" cried Immaculata in an injured tone, "I know the meaning of the Mass—and I govern my conduct accordingly, don't I, Father?"

"To govern your conduct accordingly means to prize holy Mass more than a miser prizes his gold, to hear Mass every day of your life if you are able to do so, during Mass to lay aside as far as possible all thought of those around you, all solicitude for your own personal appearance, and to try seriously to devote your whole attention to the adorable Sacrifice in which you are privileged to take part."

"The reason why I do not go every day," purred Immaculata, "is because Mass does not appeal to me; it is so dull and samey. Now I just love Benediction! I would not miss it for the world. I am a poetic temperament, don't you know, and sacred music speaks to my soul—"

"Speaks to your grandmother!" muttered Mrs. Dennis, making a vicious prod at her ball of grey yarn.

"If holy Mass does not appeal to you, that is undeniable evidence that you do not know what it means."

"I told you I do know what it means. Just hear if I don't." And she rattled off the definition taken from the catechism: "The Mass is the perpetual Sacrifice of the New Law wherein Christ our Lord offers Himself to His eternal Father by the hands of the priest under the appearance of bread and wine in an unbloody manner as He once offered Himself on the Cross in a bloody manner."

"Bravo, Immaculata, you have a marvelous memory!" cried the priest.

"And sorry a bit o' common sense to go wid it!" supplemented Mrs. Dennis.

"You have given us a perfect rendering of the definition," he continued, disregarding the interruption, "but I am afraid you have never stopped to consider what that definition means. You have just said that in the Mass our Lord offers Himself to His Eternal Father as He once offered Himself on the Cross. Therefore the person that offers the Sacrifice of the Mass and the person that offers the Sacrifice of the Cross, is the same—it is our Lord. Likewise the victim offered in the Sacrifice of the Mass and the victim offered in the

Sacrifice of the Cross is the same—it is our Lord. Now, since in the Sacrifice of the Mass and in the Sacrifice of the Cross, the person offering is one and the same and the victim offered is one and the same, then the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacrifice of the Cross are essentially one and the same Sacrifice. They differ only in manner—one is bloody, the other is unbloody—but they remain essentially one and the same Sacrifice. I claim that your conduct shows that you have never understood this truth. If it had been your privilege to stand with the Sorrowful Mother and John and Magdalen at the foot of the Cross while Jesus was dying for your salvation, your whole soul would have gone out to Him in love and gratitude. You would have forgotten all about those around you in order to fix your thoughts entirely upon your loving Redeemer. Now this morning during Mass you were assisting at the selfsame Sacrifice. And yet, unless my eyes deceived me, you were thinking more of the young clerk in the next pew than you were of the Saviour, for, though today is a wheatless day, you slipped out your vanity box and wasted a quantity of perfectly good flour on your nose—”

“Ah, Father Casey!” expostulated blushing Immaculata.

“All which goes to show,” continued the priest heartlessly, “that you did not realize that the Mass at which you were assisting was the same Sacrifice as the Sacrifice of the Cross. Had you realized that great truth, your conduct this morning would have been quite different.”

“I’m thinking, your reverence,” ventured Mrs. Dennis, “that we’d all hear Mass better if we’d remember that. Maybe then the neighbors’ new hats wouldn’t be such a distraction to us.”

“Undoubtedly. The first thing everybody should do at the beginning of Mass is to make a strong act of faith in this important truth, then, whether they use their prayerbook, their rosary, or spend the time in reflection and spontaneous prayers, they are sure to assist at the holy Sacrifice with fitting devotion.”

“Father, what are the best prayers to say during Mass!” asked Mrs. Delahanty.

“The best prayers to say are those which you know from experience you can say the best.”

“I can pray well at the beginning of Mass, but a half hour is too long; my mind gets so tired,” sighed Immaculata.

“Too long,” cried Father Casey. “If the church were full of gold

pieces and you could have all you are able to gather up would you consider half an hour too long?"

"Oh no! There are so many noble philanthropic works that appeal to me, if only I had money!"

"Shame on you!" said the priest, "to think more of a little miserable gold than of the priceless treasures that can be had for the taking during holy Mass!"

"What treasures do you refer to?" asked the philanthropic maiden.

"I refer to the treasures that can be had by everyone that unites with Jesus Christ in offering up holy Mass for the four great ends of sacrifice, namely: Adoration, Thanksgiving, Propitiation, and Supplication. The first end of sacrifice is adoration. You owe to Almighty God the homage of adoration. He is the Creator and you are His creature. Every power of your body, every faculty of your soul, your activity, your life, your very self, comes from Him. They should all be returned in a complete and perpetual sacrifice of adoration. The essential relationship between Creator and creature requires this. You, like every other poor child of Adam, must admit that you have been shamefully wanting in this first and greatest obligation towards your God. How can you make amends? You have nothing to offer to God that is not already due to Him. Must you then appear before the Almighty Judge with your obligation of perpetual adoration unfulfilled? No: by an excess of divine bounty you have been allowed to participate in the Sacrifice of the Mass. Whenever you have a Mass said, whenever you assist at Mass, you can unite with Jesus Christ who offers Himself to His Eternal Father in a Sacrifice of adoration. Here is an act of adoration of infinite value; it is more than sufficient to acquit you of your obligation.

"Next," continued the priest, "comes your duty of thanksgiving. Every good thing that you have ever received, whether in the natural or supernatural order, is a gift from God—a free gift from His boundless generosity. Common decency demands that you thank Him; your own self interest demands that you thank Him. The surest way of securing gifts for the future is to offer fitting thanksgiving for those received in the past. But here again you are confronted by your own remissness. Every moment of your life you have been receiving the choice gifts which your loving Father has been showering upon you with a lavish hand, and perhaps not once in a month did you turn

to Him with so much as a few words of half-hearted thanks. You have great reason to fear that he will grow disgusted with your persistent ingratitude and withhold His favors. But here again divine assistance is at your command. You can have the priest say a Mass for your intention; you can assist with faith at holy Mass; you can offer in thanksgiving to the Eternal Father that priceless victim, His own Divine Son, and your debt of gratitude will be more than paid.

"Again, you have the momentous and humiliating duty of propitiation—that is, of appeasing God's anger aroused by your sins. For, unhappy creature that you are, you have not only failed to offer fitting thanks to your greatest, your only benefactor, you have repaid His goodness by deadly insults, by wilful sins. What fitting amends can you make to Him, since your offences have rendered you an object of loathing in His sight? You can unite with the priest in holy Mass. You can kneel before the altar and offer up the Divine Lamb that was slain in atonement for the sins of the world. Though you have committed every crime the mind of man could conceive, that Spotless Victim would be more than sufficient to make atonement to your offended God.

"Lastly, there is the duty of supplication. How pitifully helpless you are when left to yourself? How manifold are the favors you expect from God! You expect Him to preserve your health and cure your bodily ills, to protect your possessions and enable you to better your financial condition, to watch over your dear ones living and dead, to multiply your friends, and defend you against your enemies. You expect His assistance to overcome temptations, to lead a Christian life, to die a good death, and save your immortal soul. Abundant reason indeed have you to turn to God in humble supplication. You sometimes fear that your requests are so numerous and your prayers so unworthy that He will not hear you. Then it is that you should hasten to profit by Holy Mass, the great sacrifice of supplication. Unite with the priest at the altar. Say with the priest: I will take this chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord. Yes, offer up to the Eternal Father the chalice of Christ's Precious Blood; offer it in exchange for every need of soul and body, for the just and sinners, the living and the dead. The tiniest drop of that saving Blood is of infinite value. There is nothing which God will not give you in exchange for it."

"God love you, Father Tim!" murmured Grandma Roe, raising her palsied hand in that inimitable Irish gesture, half prayer and half benediction, "sure 'tis yourself is an angel of light to guide us on the way to heaven. Wisha, what saints we'd be if we only minded all ye do be tellin' us!"

"Look, Grandma," said the priest, "it is not hard to mind what I've told you just now, it is simply a practical method of hearing Mass. Before Mass begins, make a strong act of faith in the truth that holy Mass is essentially the same Sacrifice as the Sacrifice of the Cross. Then resolve to assist at that Mass with the same sentiments of devotion, contrition, and love with which you would have assisted at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ on the first Good Friday. Then divide the Mass into four parts: spend the time from the beginning until the Offertory in offering it up as a Sacrifice of Adoration, from the Offertory to the Consecration as a Sacrifice of Thanksgiving, from the Consecration to the Communion as a Sacrifice of Propitiation, from the Communion to the end as a Sacrifice of Supplication."

"After your beautiful explanation, Father Casey," said Immaculata, "I have registered a solemn promise to assist daily at the holy Sacrifice."

"That's all well and good for a whipster like Immaculata Sheehan that has nothing to do the whole blessed morning but tie ribbons on her frizzes," said Mrs. Dennis. "Howsoever, we married women would do better to stay at home and tend to our work, rather than be thrapsing off to Mass every morning wid the house full of dirty dishes behind us; and that's *my* opinion."

"My dear Mrs. Dennis, I have known women who went to Mass daily and left the house full of dirty dishes; I have known women who did not go to Mass, yet left the house full of dirty dishes; but I have never known anybody, man or woman, married or single, that worked better for not going to Mass or that worked less well for going," said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

A woman with a clean heart deeply resents being looked upon by men with lascivious eyes; therefore the woman who attires herself in such a manner that she knows many men will be led to look upon her in that way cannot be presumed to possess a clean heart.

CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE

THE NECESSITY OF REVELATION

When a thoughtful man has arrived at a clear and immovable conviction that a personal God exists and that there is purpose and direction behind the visible universe and the affairs of men, and when he has mentally and morally embraced and assented to this truth, he immediately experiences the need of further light and of further disclosure. This sense of need would seem to be produced by an almost automatic action of the mind and the heart. There is, strictly speaking, no escape from it. The various systems of religion, seeking in a variety of ways to explain God and His relation to the world, are manifestly the outcome of this sense. And if the religious history of the past teaches anything at all, it surely teaches us that such systems will continue to arise wherever a true and authoritative and credible disclosure is not clearly recognized and accepted. It is here, too, where experience and a look into the actual life of the world and into the minds of men teach us so many true and valuable lessons. There is something in us which tells us, that, since we are as we are, it is simply inconceivable that the God who called us into being should have left matters where we find them and should have been content to let us stumble through the darkness without giving us any definite clew as to the purpose and meaning of it all. The very thought of the existence and governance of God implies the thought of revelation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that by the very laws which govern our moral life we have a kind of right to such a revelation. We cannot possibly get on without it. We must know, in some degree at least, whence we come, why we are here, why we are made to suffer and endure, and, after a time, to pass away, and what becomes of our conscious selves when we have passed away.

These things have, I know, been said a thousand times in a thousand books on religion and theology, and their truth is admitted by the great multitude in the sense that it is not denied. But few seem to realize that they are really life-truths, which we cannot escape whatever our attitude may be towards theology and in whatever direction the educational influences of our life may have led us. It is a self-evident and undeniable truth that man, when full conscious of his moral necessities, is also conscious that he needs light—authoritative and therefore satisfying information on matters of the deepest import;

information which the fullest exercise of his reason and intellect will not yield.

Now, it seems to me that when we turn our backs on all controversies and complications and come down to simple and palpable facts, there are two elements which a divine disclosure must necessarily possess. They are authority and certainty. Without either of them it could not be a revelation in any intelligible and tangible sense. We must be quite sure that God is the Revealer, and we must be equally sure what that is which He has revealed. I fail to see how a revelation could establish its claims, how it could maintain itself, how it could demand our allegiance, unless these two elements were present. Without the first there would be constant doubt and hesitation and the admixture of human and erroneous notions; without the second there would be moral inactivity and soul-paralysis—ultimate denial and rejection. In both cases the declared revelation would, in its practical issues, cease to be a revelation. We would be as wise, or rather as ignorant, as we were before, and we would but be driven to commence our speculations and investigations afresh.

Such an authoritative and certain revelation, would, of course, bind the intellect and the conscience in a certain sense. Their speculative activities would cease. They would be brought into obedience. This indeed would be the very aim and purpose of such a revelation.

But it would bring peace and stability of life. It would give tone to the moral nature. It would explain and satisfy its longings and aspirations. It would provide a fixed basis, upon which a true spiritual life could be constructed and on the grounds of which life's true purpose could be fulfilled. It would afford some sort of rational explanation of the perplexing mysteries of our being.

It is difficult to see how any form of religion, in any sense claiming to be a revelation, but lacking the elements of authority and certainty, could accomplish these things or could be expected to accomplish them—how it could permanently command the allegiance of rational men. Disclosure from without of a truth not ascertainable by the mind from within naturally binds the mind and limits its operations and limits it in the direction in which it is constantly clamoring to be limited. Such limitation clearly cannot be regarded as a bondage of the mind. It is really its freedom and illumination, since it sets it free from its own vagaries and imaginations and enables it to exer-

cise itself in the right direction. In this sense freedom of thought and acceptance of revelation cannot surely go together. They must always of necessity exclude one another. What foolish things have not been, are not being said on this subject by non-Catholics! What confusion of ideas has not been introduced into the world by those concerned with the defense of the error of ages! How many earnest and suffering souls are not to-day, by reason of this error, wandering in the maze of doubt and speculation and controversy—seeking rest and finding none. And yet this truth is so simple, so self-evident, that the merest child should be able to apprehend and does apprehend it so long as the mind is left to its normal and natural operations. I have met and am constantly meeting intelligent men and women of exalted mind and character, capable of high spiritual effort and of noble endeavor and whose nature seems to be craving for the full light of Christian and Catholic truth. Their moral energies are stunted and wasted, and their hearts remain desolate simply because they fail to recognize this most simple and fundamental principle. A misdirected religious education has given their minds a false bias. They are daily, perhaps, bringing those minds into bondage to some scientific truth, but by some extraordinary and wholly illogical process of reasoning, they fly from the very thought of bringing them into bondage to great spiritual truths. They cannot or will not see that that bondage is in reality the very highest form of freedom. Great souls, in every country, are laboring under this fatal error and misconception, and are sad and peaceless, and, as a consequence, missing all the real and true and abiding joys of life. Would that we could help them, that we could speak the magic word that can set the paralyzed soul free, and that we could lead them into that captivity for which the whole of our complex nature clamors and outside of which human life must evermore remain an unendurable bondage. In any case, some of the purest and noblest men that have ever trodden this sinful earth seem to have rejoiced and gloried in their condition of captivity. They have traced to it their soul's purest joys and achievements. They have thanked God on their knees daily and to the very end of their lives that His grace prevailed with them and that they were led to make that one great and splendid act of mental and moral surrender.

And there is evidence, thank God! on every hand that the error of the ages which has kept the human soul in bondage for so many cen-

turies is passing away. The plausible arguments of the enemies of the Catholic faith are beginning to fall upon deaf ears. Men and women everywhere are increasingly distrusting teachers and systems which exhibit such dire confusion and contradictions, and whose revelations are so plainly seen to be the result of their own vague and undisciplined imaginings. Sensible men are tired to death of religious controversy and of the cry of peace from quarters where there never was and never can be any peace. They are beginning to think for themselves, to pray more, and to become increasingly conscious of the prayers of others which are everywhere in the world being offered for them. As a consequence, the Church is steadily gaining, if not always acknowledged and admitted adherents, yet gaining the sympathy and interest of single-minded men and women, who have sought in vain to satisfy and still the cravings of their souls, and who are slowly and in spite of a thousand difficulties growing in conviction that there is only one institution and one creed which can effectually and permanently satisfy them.

Of one thing we Catholics who watch the movements of human thought and who are psychologists enough to rightly understand and interpret human needs may be absolutely sure. It is to the Catholic Church that all souls, prepared to be true to themselves, are bound ultimately to turn. It is in her alone that the real end of controversy is reached. It is in her bosom that the storm-tossed human heart can find security and refuge from the tempest of life. It is but necessary that simple truths should be better known and understood, that one great but fatal error should be corrected. It is but necessary that by one movement of grace the demon of human pride should be banished and the heart be led to make the one simple but uncompromising and all-including act of surrender.

It is not so much, then, because I am able to adduce what I believe to be the best and most convincing arguments of the truth of the doctrinal teaching of the Catholic Church, but because I think that I know something of human life and of the needs of the human soul, that I am an optimist respecting the Church and that I am persuaded that all true hearts are bound ultimately to come back to her.

A personal incident illustrating how simple the methods of the Catholic Church are and by what means the submission of the mind is often secured may not be out of place here.

It is now a good many years since I was passing through those conflicts of mind to which I have briefly alluded here. I had long entertained doubts respecting the tenableness of the Anglican position. I could not get away from the thought that when all was said and done a revelation could not possibly leave everything in doubt and dispute and that the Holy Ghost could not teach different men different and mutually contradictory things. I had read ceaselessly on both sides of the great controversy and had, in the end, hopelessly fogged and perplexed my mind. Yet there were, according to the opinion of Catholic friends, unmistakable movements of grace, and it seemed desirable that some decision should be made. I was advised to see the late Cardinal Vaughan, and I had written to ask the favor of an interview. I shall not easily forget what passed in that interview. The day and its incidents are clearly and permanently impressed on my memory. I can to-day see the Cardinal at the old house, sitting in a large, chilly room with a big cloak thrown over his shoulders.

He invited me briefly to explain my difficulty and my then state of mind. I explained as best I could, indicating the lines along which my mind had travelled. I primed myself for this interview, had got my arguments pro and con at my fingers' ends and was expecting what I might call a controversial battle royal. It never occurred to me that the whole difficulty lay on the moral and not on the intellectual side. I was seeking to invade the sanctuary of spiritual truth by the conclusions of the intellect. Pride of life and of mind were barring the way. The only thing that could really be said in my favor, and that practically saved the situation, was the circumstance that I was desperately in earnest.

The Cardinal's tactics were admirable, and, I am thoroughly persuaded, were inspired by God. He did the very best thing he possibly could do for me, as I see very clearly to-day. And in what he said there spoke his strong and true and yet simple faith and the equally simple and sweet disposition of his nature. He said to me: "The matter is far simpler than you suppose. You are very much in earnest; but it is your method which is at fault. Let me ask you these simple questions: 'Are you entirely and intelligently convinced that God has revealed Himself to men and that the Incarnation of Jesus Christ is that revelation demanding man's uncompromising acceptance and submission?'" I replied: "I am entirely convinced of it."

"Are you fully and intelligently convinced that this divine revelation is embodied in the Catholic Church and that she and she alone is the authorized expounder and guardian of the truth?"

A moment's reflection led me to reply unhesitatingly: "I find it impossible, in spite of a hundred difficulties, to evade this conclusion."

I shall never forget the kindly smile which lighted up the Cardinal's face at these words. He said quickly and gently, but nevertheless very firmly: "Then, my dear friend, there is but one thing for you to do. You must unhesitatingly submit to the Church; you must receive Baptism and make your Confession and turn your back upon what, on your own admission, is not the truth." It was a very simple, but nevertheless a remarkably logical statement. I could not honestly controvert it, and a fortnight later the old Cardinal heard my general Confession and received me into the Church. The first was not a pleasant experience, for he did not let me off easily. The process through which he put me was a very thorough one. But I enjoyed his friendship for the remaining years of his life, and since his death I have prayed much for him. I see now and have seen for sixteen years that he rendered me the best and kindest service any person in this world has ever rendered me. May eternal rest be his!

I am persuaded that had I become a priest it is this simple argument that I should present to inquirers. The rest would seem to follow as a matter of course.

J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K. S. G.

Few persons enjoy real liberty; we are all slaves to ideas or habits.—*Alfred De Musset*.

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.—*Daniel Webster*.

He that defers his charity until he is dead is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's good than his own.—*Bacon*.

Liberty is not the right of one, but of all.—*Herbert Spencer*.

Liberty must be limited in order to be enjoyed.—*Burke*.

Reason and virtue alone can bestow liberty.—*Shaftesbury*.

TOM SHERBROOK'S DIARY

It was Christmas Eve, 1908, way up in the heart of the frosty Adirondacks. Outside the night was ideal—clear, cold and cloudless, with a full silvery moon laughing merrily in the heavens. Inside, too, conditions were very pleasant. We were lounging, together with Jim, our man of all work, before a blazing log fire. Father Sherbrook was also with us. He had come over to say Christmas Mass at our house for the few scattered Catholics of the district.

Our Jim had been telling story after story, and had made us fearful by his gruesome tales of the woods. During the last one, good Father Sherbrook grew pensive.

"That reminds me, Jim," said he, "of a little tragedy in our family, long, long ago."

"O Father, won't you please tell us about it," exclaimed my sister Mary.

We knew at once he would, so we drew up our chairs expectantly. The priest paused a moment, coughed a little introductory cough and began.

"Well, it happened years ago, way back in the first days of New England. I believe—" he hesitated a moment.

"But let us take things in order," he continued after a pause. "It seems there lived in Clerkwel, a thriving town of southern England, a man named Nathan Sherbrook. He was married and had two grown-up sons, Tom and Charlie. Nathan was a stern old fellow, a Puritan from conviction, with a character not over-burdened with sentiment. His wife, on the contrary, was a timid little woman with a heart brim full of love and tenderness. She was a Puritan, too, but more for her husband's sake than because she believed his religion to be the true one.

"One morning in September, soon after Tom, his elder son, was twenty-one, Nathan summoned him to the big room after breakfast.

"'My son,' said he sternly, 'you've been idling about the Grange long enough. I want you to make a mark in life. And as law seems the most promising, I've decided that course for you. Next Monday I shall take you to Oxford.'

"Tom Sherbrook's face fell. Nothing was further from his mind those days than law. His thoughts were running in a different chan-

nel. He was in love, and had, in fact, the day before pledged himself to Alice Warham, the charming young daughter of the Lord Mayor of the town. But he knew how useless opposition would be to his father's plans. So with an ill-humored: 'Very well, sir, I shall be ready,' bowed himself out of the room. He left at once to tell Alice the news.

"The remaining days were gloomy ones at Sherbrook Manor. Sunday came. Tom and Alice parted in the afternoon, and each swore to be patient and true until Tom should win his degree. His mother, too, was broken hearted, for she loved her elder boy passionately. Indeed they had many traits in common, and used to spend happy hours together in the quiet afternoons and evenings of the quaint old town.

"On Monday everything was packed, and at an early hour father and son, accompanied by an attendant, started on the three days' journey to the University.

"I know very little about the first days of Tom's college life. He was a brilliant lad and succeeded well, at least so tradition has it in our family. There was one thing of importance, however, which I must not pass over. That was an intimate friendship he formed with a certain Austin Sloane, a classmate of his; Tom always spoke of it as the greatest blessing of his life. Indeed, I think you will agree with me that young Sloane was the grace in disguise for my great-grand-uncle. It happened this way.

"One Sunday morning early in their last year, Tom was reading as usual the Puritan service from his bulky prayer book. A knock came, and in walked Sloane.

"'Excuse me, Tom,' said Austin, 'for interrupting the services. But I've dropped in to say good-bye.'

"'Goodbye,' queried Tom, 'where are you off to?'

"'Well, old man,' answered his friend, 'I'm going to leave Oxford tomorrow. I've been thinking of it for some months back.'

"'Going to leave Oxford without your degree!' exclaimed Tom. 'Heavens, man! what has come over you? Why don't you stay the term out?'

"'No,' Sloane rejoined; 'I won't bother about the degree. It would be of no use to me in life anyway. So why wait for it?' He paused a moment as if weighing something carefully in his mind, then asked

abruptly: 'Tell me, Tom, what's your honest opinion about Papists?'

" 'Papists?' replied Tom, 'why, I never had anything to do with them. I don't believe I ever met a real live one. From infancy, father always taught me to hate and despise Papists. But personally, I pity them and think its a shame the way they are hounded by the King.'

" 'Well, Tom,' rejoined Austin, as if relieved, 'you've probably noticed that I've always avoided religion with you since we met. Perhaps you thought me an unbeliever. But I have a religion and I love and practice it whenever I can. I am a Catholic.'

"Tom was surprised and said so. Then Sloane explained why he was leaving. He had determined to become a priest and had been admitted to Douay. He was called on to report in a few days. They spent the few remaining hours as happily as they could and Austin Sloane left Oxford next morning.

"At parting he promised to write. He did so. A month later his first letter arrived telling how overjoyed he was at the Seminary. Now that letter set Tom thinking. Puritanism always made him sour, and seemed to make everyone else gloomy. He wondered what was in Catholicity that could make one joyful. His curiosity was aroused and he determined to find out. He was directed by his friend Austin to an old priest near Oxford.

"The latter received Tom cordially. A second visit soon followed, then a third, and it was not long until he discovered that Puritanism had no soli^d foundation and that Catholicism was the only true Christian religion. Shortly afterwards he was baptised. But how tell his father? He knew what would happen so he put off the disagreeable task until after graduation. I am told he finished with high honors, won his degree and received a royal welcome at home. The next day he told his father all. A terrible scene followed and ended with the alternative 'either you give up this hellish idea or you leave my house forever'.

"It was a hard choice to make, but Tom made it, and that morning Tom left home, leaving his father furious and his mother broken hearted. He went first to 'The Oaks'—that was the Warham home-
stead. The old Mayor and Alice greeted him pleasantly, but saw at once something was wrong. When they learned the truth, the Mayor was just as irate as old Nathan. Alice, too, was shocked, and pleaded with him by all the love he bore her to turn from his wicked course.

But their words were wasted and the upshot of it all was that father and daughter indignantly dismissed the stubborn and foolish papist. Despised by those he loved, he left his native town forever. Already he was suffering for Christ.

"Soon the day of persecution dawned also for the Puritans. A sturdy little band of them, rather than give up their religion, sacrificed home and friends and native land and sailed away to the New World to worship God as they would. Nathan Sherbrook, his wife, and son Charlie, were with them.

"I need not rehearse," said Father, "their subsequent history in New England. It is familiar to you all from schooldays.

"The Puritans left England because of intolerance, but as is often the case with human nature, they soon became guilty of the same sin which they so abhorred in others. In truth, they were more intolerant than the Conformists of England. My old great-grandfather, Nathan Sherbrook, rose to the dignity of supreme magistrate in the colony. Of course, that wasn't much, because there were only petty squabbles those days. Catholics, you know, were banned—priests judicially murdered. And Nathan Sherbrook, God help him, was the foremost Catholic-hater and priest-hunter in all New England.

"Well, one day in December, sixteen years after the little band of Puritans arrived, the Settlement of Boston was aroused by the awful news that a real Papish priest was then in Rhode Island. Worst of all, he purposed to come to Boston with his books and his vestment and other idolatrous accoutrements. Think of the outrage! Thompson (one of the Brethren) had actually seen him, and told of his coming.

"The commonwealth was clearly in danger. The impending must be averted. Scouts were sent out at once. On the evening of December the twenty-third they returned with the news that they had actually spoken to the priest and his two Indian guides on the Boston road. They had passed them, then turned and followed the unsuspecting trio, and saw them lodged safely for the night in a deserted cabin five miles from the town. A meeting was called, and Nathan Sherbrook was commissioned to arrest the three. At dawn on Christmas morning they surrounded the hut. The poor priest within had just finished his first holy Mass when the colonists arrived. There, in that lowly hut in the vast temple of the forest, the story of Bethlehem

was being retold. The Prince of Peace was being offered again to His Father that peace and good will might reign in the hearts of men.

"A noise without alarmed the Indians. They sprang for their guns and opened the door. As they did so the rude skin covering that curtained the window in the rear was thrown aside and six shots broke the stillness of the forest. The priest and one of the Indians fell dead, the other poor fellow was mortally wounded. My grandfather quickly stepped in. He believed in his heart he had done well for God and man. The colonists covered the two dead bodies and wrapped up the dying Indian. There were only a few belongings—the guns, a soft skin wrapper for the vestments, a bible and a diary. Nathan Sherbrook picked up the latter book and glanced curiously at the first page. He turned white, staggered, and fell to the floor. On the first page of the book, in that old familiar handwriting was: Rev. Thos. A. Sherbrook, Clerkwell, England. He had shot his first born son.

"All that leaden Christmas day the Squire and Dame Sherbrook watched and cried and prayed by the side of their murdered boy. He still wore his vestments, no one dared take them off. That night his mother drew from her sorrowing bosom Tom's diary and read and re-read and read it again. It told the story, how chance, or rather God had led her boy home to die.

"I must tell you," continued Father Sherbrook, "how my Uncle went to Boston, or rather, I will let him tell you." He drew from his pocket a musty, old note-book. 'Twas Tom's diary. "I like to carry and read this at Christmas," said he. "But it is getting late, so I will read only those excerpts which trace my Uncle's wanderings from the time of his expulsion from home till the week of his death. Here is the first one.

"May, 1620. Mother and Dad left for the New World to-day. God bless and enlighten them. I begin my course at Douay tomorrow."

"June, 1624"—was the next insertion Father read to us—"God be praised; ordained to-day. . . . I wonder how my parents are? I blessed them first across the mighty sea. . . . Am to go to England. . . . It may mean rack and rope and headsman!"

Father carefully leafed over several pages here and began again.

"August, 1634. Volunteered a week ago for the Maryland mission. Am to leave tomorrow. . . . God will protect and direct me there, too. Who knows, perhaps I'll meet them. . . ."

More leafing. One could hear a pin drop among us.

"August, 1636. Next morning to start for New Amsterdam, to tend to the poor abandoned lambs of Christ in those regions. . . ."

"He was evidently in Rhode Island," said Father, as he turned more pages, "at some Catholic family in October of the year of his death, because he notes:

"October, 1636. Was sorely tempted to hurry over the forty miles to Boston. But duty called me back to my flock in New Amsterdam. Must come back again at Christmas, and then, God willing, will see *them* after sixteen years. I wonder if they'll know me."

The last excerpt that Father read us was pathetic. It ran:

"December 22, 1636. Will start tomorrow for Boston. How will I meet them? I think I'll play lost and beg for food and shelter on Christmas morning. Then at dinner I'll grow reminiscent about an old chum, Tom Sherbrook, and then tell them all."

Father shut the book reverently and placed it carefully back in his pocket. "I'll not weary you much longer," he said, "my Uncle's mission was not in vain. For in Spring of 1636 my grandfather, my grandmother, and Charley left Boston for Maryland and soon became good Catholics."

When Father finished his story, we all wanted him to read more of the diary. But as it was nearly midnight, he told us laughingly that it was too late and we must go to bed like good children. I did, and I dreamt all night about the first Father Sherbrook and how wonderful were the ways of God's Providence.

THOMAS J. WHEELWRIGHT, C. Ss. R.

BETRAYED—YET FAITHFUL

MT. XXVI. 47-50.

Jesus Christ and Judas Iscariot!! God's love for man; and man's black ingratitude! God never tires of calling His wayward child to heaven's bliss, and His ungrateful child obstinately refuses to be happy. Sometimes we may wonder how far God's mercy will go; when He will weary of pressing a struggling and resisting sinner to His heart. If we are looking for a test-case, here is one that will satisfy the most exacting: see how Our Lord tries to win back even Judas.

A Victim so Holy! "It is enough. The hour is come. Behold, the Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners." Sweet

Mother of God, you surely remember that dreadful night when your Son went out into the Garden for the last time. With what anguish you peered out into the night, over toward the black Brook of Cedron, while your heart bled for Him in His sorrow? Just one grace we ask of you: May we never forget those scenes of His love for us!

And how could a true child of the Catholic church ever forget them? a true child of the Church, that sincerely keeps in touch with her fasts and her feasts and her services? Hardly need we ask, on what occasion those words were spoken. Gratitude keeps memory alert, love strengthens fancy with vigor and warmth, and grace as an angel by our side infuses a tenderness which Our Lord will one day repay in heaven. Soon the lovely picture floats before our eyes: here is the olive garden at the foot of the hill; the bright full moon is flooding the open sky with dazzling splendor while the gnarled and hoary trees checker the grass with darkling shadows; in the fore-ground lie three figures, the apostles huddled up in their coarse brown cloaks, fast asleep; silently standing beside them, Our Lord, erect and serene, keeping watch while they rest. Now and then His glance wanders over the brook, over toward the west, to the Holy City, as if He were waiting for someone. It may be between eleven and twelve o'clock now. At last, He saw what He waited for, and now stoops down over the motionless form nearest His feet, gently rouses the sleeper with the words: "*It is enough.*" Though they could not watch with Him one hour while He was overwhelmed with that terrible agony, yet He could watch with them while they rested. Though He himself was wearied and well-nigh exhausted, yet He remained true to His promise: "Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you." He passed on to wake up the next: "*The hour is come.*" That supreme hour when He could prove to all the world how much He loved His heavenly Father, and poor sinners such as we are. And then from the ever gushing fountain of His Sacred Heart there issued an act of love, an act sustained and enriched by His own divine nature, an act that swelled into an ocean of boundless love such as only a God can elicit; and every ripple and wavelet on that immeasurable ocean murmured the same sweet song: "Father thy will be done!"

Struggling to shake off their drowsiness and rise to their feet, the apostles heard the words: "*Behold, the Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners.*" All the pangs of lash and crown and cross were lost sight of, in that single thrill of keenest anguish: all this woe would come from the friend of His bosom. Even David of old felt his heart break within him at the thought that all his grief was caused by one in whom he had trusted: "If my enemy had reviled me, I would verily have born with it; but thou, a man of one mind (with me), my guide and my familiar, who didst take sweet-meats with me!" That was the most cruel stab of all. Yet that one word "sinners", flowed like a healing balm upon the wound. Its very sound kindles into flaming the devotion of the Good Shepherd who is in search of the Lost Sheep; who gladly lays down His own life to save them. A few hours ago, the mere thought of His passion threw Him prostrate on the ground; now the memory of the sheep He loves so well, fills Him with courage and He adds: "*Arise, let us go.* Behold, he that will betray me is at hand." Calmly, He is prepared to face His death. Good Lord, look kindly on so many a young heart that now lies bleeding on the battle-field. Strengthen those who soon must enter the storm of shot and shell. Send them home again to their dear ones, or—if their hour has come, take them to Thee in endless bliss.

Treachery incredible. "Behold, he that will betray Me is at hand."

Judas was an apostle, loved and specially trusted by Our Lord. Of all the twelve, not St. Peter nor St. John, but Judas was singled out for that post of confidence: he had charge of the common purse, as St. John explains. Our Lord and His apostles lived very poor, supported

mainly by donations received from friends; and the administration of this little fund was committed to Judas.

This appointment suggests that he was marked as a man of *ability* among the apostles; for his relations with the friends of Our Lord required a good deal of tact, prudence, and kindly politeness; while his administration supposed a fair share of activity and energy. Besides his appointment also implies that he was distinguished for *charity*; since it was part of his office to provide for the poor as it intimated by the supper at Bethania, where he complained of the perfume showered on Our Lord as a waste of resources that could better have been given to the poor; it was also his duty to purchase the things which the apostles needed for daily life, as we glean from the Last Supper where Our Lord dismissed him with the words: "That which thou dost, do quickly." And St. John continues: "Some thought because Judas had the purse that Jesus said to him: Buy those things which we have need of for the festival day; or that he should give something to the poor." Finally this appointment secured for him the enviable privilege of many an intimate and *familiar conversation* with Our Lord apart from the others; as is hinted by the supposition of the apostles in the verses cited above; where they evidently took it for granted as something quite usual, that Judas had received some special orders from Our Saviour. How could he come to *forfeit such distinction*? It was by the old well-worn path of the "fallen-away", the apostate.

What is the first step of the fallen-away Catholic? Usually his *faith* is allowed to grow cold and stiff, a frozen thing. Faith in the Blessed Sacrament may be assumed as the test. He grows careless about his attendance at Mass on Sundays; stays away for trivial reasons. He receives the sacraments more and more seldom. Finally he thinks little of neglecting even his Easter Communion altogether. And where do we get the first clue as to Judas' downward course? It is in the Gospel of St. John, in the sixth chapter where Our Lord Promises the Blessed Sacrament; many desert Him then; the apostles protest their fidelity; but Judas' state of mind is revealed by Our Lord in the awful warning: "One of you is a devil." What was the secret disease that undermined his faith? With the "fallen-away" it is pleasure or gold; usually *amusement and business together*. And Judas? In St. John XII, 3 he is briefly and squarely characterized: "He was a thief." St. John does not mean to say that he committed one single act of theft; but he clearly intends to summarize a character-sketch of Judas. The "fallen away" usually has *some grievance* against the Church, some personal pique. It adds the venom of bitterness to his talk and his conduct. So it was with Judas. Six days before the Last Supper, Our Lord was invited to a banquet in the house of Simon the leper. "Mary therefore took a pound of right spikenard, of great price, and anointed the feet of Jesus." This vexed Judas exceedingly: "Why was not this ointment sold for 300 pence, and given to the poor?" Our Lord then took up her defence: "Amen, I say to you, whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her." This rebuke soured Judas' heart; and the bitter fruit was his resolve to betray his God. The fallen-away" becomes hard of heart. He will betray his own soul to Satan; he will not hesitate to barter away the souls of wife and child for a wretched crumb of this world's goods. He will do this spite of the warnings of conscience and of grace. And Judas? What warnings had he not received through those three years spent in Our Lord's company? He spoke of His Passion and Death so often, and nearly always linked it with mention of the Traitor. Even at the Last Supper He again spoke of the Traitor so insistently that all the apostles trembled and asked: "Lord, is it I?" How Judas' conscience must have shuddered! He asked Our Lord: "Is it I, Rabbi?" He received the answer: "Thou hast said it." We would think that conscience could not withstand such a strain. St. John seems to give the true explanation: "Satan entered into him." And he rushed out into the night to do his evil deed.

The hour and powers of darkness. "And while he was yet speaking, cometh Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve, and with him a great

multitude with swords and staves, from the chief-priests and scribes and ancients." Once out in the street, Judas must have paused awhile, dazed and bewildered. He left the Supper-room after the supper proper, and probably after Holy Communion; but before that long, beautiful prayer which is recorded by St. John, running through chapters XIV, XV, XVI, XVII.

That malignant power which now held Judas in its clutches, drove him on to the *palace of Caiphas*. It was not far away: on the same hill and in the same quarter of the city. Here a gay and brilliant company of Jewish aristocrats was assembled, priests, officials, and in all likelihood the aged Annas. When Judas' arrival was announced, they may have resented it as an intrusion at first; but soon knowing glances were exchanged, and some of the party went out to hear what *he had to say*. He insisted on two things: Act immediately and act with force. "Arrest Him to-night: Now or never!—He has penetrated our secret!—The apostles know all about it!—If you wait, they will flee! And the Roman Prosecutor on whom you count so much to do the ugly work will leave after the feast! If you delay any longer, I can serve you no more! Get a strong force to take Him! You know how often He evaded you already! You know the affection of the poor people on Ophel hill;—and, remember you must pass through that section of the city!"

Such news *made them anxious*. They had decided to kill Our Lord some months before, when He raised Lazarus to life. They held a secret meeting only two days ago, on Tuesday night in Holy Week, where they were deliberating how "they might by some wile lay hold on Him and kill Him." (St. Mark XIV, 1.) Just then Judas had entered with the offer to betray Our Lord for thirty pieces of silver. The bargain was closed. Judas then sought an opportunity when he might conveniently carry out his promise. The only proviso was this: "Not on the festival-day lest perhaps there should be a tumult among the people." But Our Lord would have it on the festival day and no other! So Caiphas and his circle of friends had to act on the spur of the moment. They changed their own date and accepted Our Lord's and then and there resolved to arrest Him that very night.

Their next step was to procure *the armed force* required. Being wealthy Sadducees, both Annas and Caiphas had quite a number of retainers and bondsmen in their service on whom they could count in any case. Then they summoned a detachment of the temple guard or police, armed and drilled on the pattern of the Roman soldier. But there was another and more delicate matter. They needed the sanction, and wanted the assistance of the Roman authorities. There seems to have existed a law providing "that no one be committed to prison without the knowledge of the Roman magistrate." At all events it was good policy to show the Romans this mark of deference for they needed their help on the next day and they could not afford to offend them just now. So they hurriedly despatched a messenger to the fortress of Antonia, adjoining the temple square. The Romans were particularly watchful on such occasions as this, and were anxious to keep in close touch with both parties; and soon a tribune in command of a cohort of about five hundred men was on the march to join the Jewish contingent. In the meantime Judas had perhaps returned to the Supper-room to see whether Our Lord and His apostles were still there; for the arrest might be effected with greater secrecy and less trouble right here. But finding the halls empty, he knew that Our Lord had gone to the garden of Olives, His usual retreat for prayer and solitude.

The high-priests had now matured their plans and all was ready. Their party was *on the road*. The inhabitants would not be much surprised at the movement of troops on this night when brawls and arrests were quite common. Besides, most of them were still occupied with their own home festivity. As the party marched on almost the same route taken by Our Lord, they dropped sentinels at all corners where the friends of Christ might make resistance. When they met the Roman troop, they probably detailed a strong party to

remain on duty at the city gate. The rest filed out into the open beyond the wall, then took the road down into the ravine, and across the lower bridge. This road was unfrequented. It led somewhat out of the way; but then the noise of their approach would be muffled. The trees of the gully would screen them from view till they had nearly reached the garden. Had they come out by the more northerly gates just at the foot of the temple, or the one still further north of it, their approach would have led over the northern bridge and then they would have been in full view of the apostles as soon as they left the city. Besides, if tradition may be trusted, the spot where Judas kissed Our Lord lies south of the garden, by about ten or twelve paces. And now when the apostles started to their feet, sleep was effectually banished at *the sight* they beheld. There was the steady light of the lanterns and the smoky, spluttering glare of the pine-torches. There was the glitter of sword and spear and the flash of helmet and breast-plate. There were the dimmer outlines of the servants with ugly clubs and staves. They heard the hoarse, muffled order of the tribune: "Halt!" Then the splendid attire of the Jewish officials, the members of the Supreme Court of the Sanedrim came to the front. All seemed lost.

Love inexhaustible. Often have we heard those words of the Canticle of Canticles: "Love is strong as death. . . . Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it." Nowhere, perhaps, can we find them illustrated in a way that should interest us more profoundly, than in this scene before us.

Here Our Lord is confronted by *the greatest crime that ever staggered the universe*; by a blow aimed at His own life. Here we have every motive, human and divine, to provoke the wrath of the God-Man. And how will He act? "And when he (Judas) was come, immediately going up to Him, he saith: Hail Rabbi; and he kissed Him." Clear as the stars in the sky, Our Lord saw the base treachery in his heart. How He must have been horrified at the sound of those words that seemed so fair and friendly; yet they were the hissing of a serpent He could easily have trodden under foot. How He must have shuddered at that kiss from a man whom in His infinite wisdom He had called a devil: a kiss hot with all the hate of Satan! And yet—*did His love for Judas fail?* or His efforts to save him, cease? Judge for yourself. According to St. Matthew "Jesus said to him: Friend whereto are thou come?" According to St. Luke: "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of man with a kiss?" His *action* is more eloquent than His words. He accepts that kiss; and permits the greatest of sinners to hold Him in his embrace! He who could not brook the profanation of His Father's house by the buyers and sellers in the temple, now permits the traitor to press his lips to His cheek! Far rather might He offer His cheek to them that smite Him! He was known as the sinner's friend,—could He offer any tenderer mark of endearment than this?

If His action were doubtful, *His words* show how earnest was His desire to save Judas. He addresses him by his name as He used to do in times when all was still well, as friend addresses a friend. He gives him that title that saints and angels covet, and calls him: "Friend!" He tries to bring him to his senses: "Think: wherefore has thou come?" Thus far you have not really reflected on this step. The love of this world's goods has obscured your sight and clouded your mind; now, at least reflect on the consequences and repent. Resentment has embittered your heart; now, see: I bear you no anger; only repent and all will be well yet. You have listened to the whispers of Satan; now at last listen to me; and think! "Dost thou betray the Son of man with a kiss?" He lays siege to his heart, and brings in train all the motives of love and fear. We have kissed, and will you not accept that in good part? It is the Son of man you are betraying; and do you not remember how Daniel, the prophet, describes the Son of man as Judge of all nations? Remember that awful judgment day!

Poor sinners! How many a one may have wandered far away from the path of right, and grown a stranger to his Mother, the Church, and betrayed his own soul into the claws of Satan! Yet Our Lord and His Church still

pursue him and try to win him back. How many a one has the grace of a mission offered him. There he is called upon to think of what he is doing. Will he reject those graces? Who would have believed that Judas could resist the pleadings of Our Lord? Had he but fallen down on his knees and begged forgiveness, he might have shared the happiness of the Good Thief. But he did not. Perhaps he forcibly tore himself from the embrace of Our Lord; perhaps the companions of his crime rudely pulled him away. And he slinks away in the darkness.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

TRUE PERFECTION

Few Christians understand the true nature of perfection. Most people try to make it fit in with their feelings: if they are of a melancholy turn, they seek solitude; if they have a bent for the active life, they give themselves up to works of zeal; if their humor is austere, they practise mortifications; if they are naturally generous, they give alms; others are addicted to vocal prayers or to pilgrimages and on this account they think they are holy. But all these external works are but the fruits or effects of love for Jesus Christ; true love itself consists in an entire conformity with God's will; it demands, therefore, that we renounce ourselves and in all things seek only what is more pleasing to God for the reason that He is deserving of this.

Persons who think that holiness consists in many penances and communions and prayers are evidently in error. No, perfection does not consist in these things. According to St. Thomas, it consists "in subjecting oneself to the will of God." Penance, communions, vocal prayers, are good only in as far as God wants them; otherwise, far from being pleased with them, He detests them and punishes us for them; their only purpose should be to serve as means to unite us to the divine will. But—and we are never weary of repeating this—all perfection, all holiness, consists in doing what God wants us to do. In a word, the divine will is the rule of all goodness and of all virtue; being holy itself, it sanctifies everything, even indifferent actions when they are done with the intention of pleasing God. "The will of God," says the Apostle St. Paul, "is your sanctification" (1 Thess. IV, 3).

From all this let us conclude that if we wish to become holy we must resolve never to do our own will but always the will of God, for all the divine precepts and counsels can substantially be reduced to "doing and suffering everything that God wills and as He wills". Hence, a summary of perfection may be given in these words: Do

all that God wills, will all that God does, with the intention of pleasing Him. Is it not clear that perfection thus understood is within the reach of everybody, of man and woman, of young and old, of rich and poor, of rulers and subjects, of employer and workman, of the business man and professional man, of the soldier, the magistrate, the priest, the religious?

If, then, we wish to please God, let us try, not merely to conform our will to that of God, but even to identify our will with Him, so that His will and ours may be one. This is the summit of perfection, and in order that we may reach it, we should ever beg the assistance of our holy patrons, of our guardian angel, of St. Joseph, and especially of the Blessed Virgin, who is the most perfect of all the saints, only because she was ever the most perfectly united to the will of God.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

TRAITOROUS AND TRUE

CHAPTER II. A RUNAWAY MEETING.

Colonel Bob Earlwaite and Colonel George Conroy were seated on camp-stools near on open tent. George Conroy was a magnificent example of physical manhood. Tall, deep-chested, he moved about with the graceful strength of a giant. His head, well-shaped and surmounted by a heavy growth of black, wavy hair; his forehead high; his nose straight; his voice deep and musical, he was the sort of man to attract a woman's eye. No wonder that Alice Drake had been so struck on seeing him for the first time.

Bob and George had been graduated from the same Military Academy together. They had been thrown much together, but there always existed a certain coolness that forbade the intimacies of genuine friendship. Bob was a noble, upright young fellow who looked upon a soldier's life as sacred for the duties it called for. He had gone through the Academy with one purpose in view; to be a soldier in every sense of the word; to be loyal to his country; to love its flag, to defend it if needs be with life itself. This ambition was life long: it was not a mushroom growth that had sprung up in a night of trouble; it had grown up with him, had ever blazed as a beacon before him, and now, that his country was on the brink of war's abyss, he was prepared to stride forward to its defense.

George Conroy shone at the Academy with a borrowed light. His father's glory descended to him in the form of preferment and privileges. He was forever on the alert for the better things and he usually got them with but little effort to himself. He was upright to a degree, wise in the ways of keeping out of serious trouble, not above trickery if advancement for himself would follow; in fact, rumor had it that two of his classmates suffered serious hurt to their reputation because of George's "flank attacks" as they were called. George was even then tactician enough to come up out of his battles with colors flying; they were a taste of a sort of warfare and George Conroy reasoned that "everything is fair in war no matter what the consequences might be to others";—certainly a compact code of ethics. Though a dwarf mentally, physically he was by far the leader at the Academy. None of his companions was a match for him in strength. On the campus in games of prowess and feats of daring he was the most feared.

"Say, Bob," asked George, "who was that pretty girl who shouted to you from the reviewing stand this afternoon?"

Bob did not like the flippant manner in which the question was asked; besides he did not relish the idea of a fellow of George's character inquiring about Alice Drake.

"There were several young ladies on the stand," he replied evasively.

"Yes, and some old ones too," retorted George. Then, half sneeringly, "But you had your eyes trained on a young one that almost shook the stars out of her flag on you."

"Oh! that young lady? She is a friend of mine," said Bob evasively.

George laughed. There was a tone of irony as he went on.

"I thought she was a stranger, for she smiled at you and called out your name: strange young misses do that, you know. A uniform will make a great many of them say anything, eh?"

Bob bristled up.

"Look here, Colonel Conroy, Alice Drake has too much sense to go daft over a uniform—and—"

"Thanks, old man," interrupted George, "for giving me her name; I was anxious to know." Then he added tantalizingly, "I think she smiled at me too."

Bob was white with anger; Alice's name had escaped from his lips

unwittingly. He was on the point of saying something bitter when Colonel Conroy was summoned away by a superior officer. On leaving he called back to Bob:

"I expect an introduction, Bob, if she comes a-visiting the camp."

Bob walked into his tent muttering something about "a wolf and a lamb, a bird charmed by a serpent". He dropped on his cot and picked up a magazine and tried to read. It was useless. George Conroy's flippancy had stung him. Alice smile at that fellow! Bob did not believe it. He had kept his eyes on her the while he was passing the review stand, and she had looked only at him. But the more he tried to convince himself that the Colonel lied when he said it, the more the suspicion grew that the Colonel had told truth. "It was possible after all," he thought. There was no getting round the fact that George Conroy was a handsome man and attracted his full share of attention from the "fair sex". He knew too that what George said about the attractive powers of a uniform had more than a grain of truth in it;—perhaps this accounted in great part for George's popularity on visiting days when he was invariably "swamped" by an effervescing group of giggling, giddy girls, putting one in mind of a bevy of brainless butterflies fluttering about a newly found sweet. "Well, anyhow," thought Bob, "it will take more than Colonel Conroy and his well kept uniform to put Alice Drake into hysterics!"

Despite Colonel Bob Earlwaite's gallant opinion of Alice Drake's sane judgment, she was, undoubtedly, smitten with something approaching mild hysterics. She spent a great part of her time alone in her room, and in her room she put in the greater portion of it at the window gazing Fort Irvingward. What she expected to see in that direction is more than the narrator of this story attempts to record. Even if Colonel Conroy were as tall as the Giant Antaeus, Alice would not have been able to see him from her room, for Fort Irving lay behind a group of hills that rose beyond the south of Royeston and these were crowned with a thick, tall growth of pines. But love is a strange thing, and as it will impel a Leander to brave the cold waters of a Hellespont and breast its tumbling waves, it will also make a Goldsmith leap into a London fountain in his best broadcloth to win a smile from his lady love. Many unwritten romances are presided over by a Cupid in cap and bells.

Patient love has its reward. One mid-morning while Alice was at

her window, she heard the canter of horses coming down the street. She edged closed to her window and when the two horsemen came into view—how her heart leaped!—one of them was Colonel Conroy. When they arrived almost abreast the house the other officer pointed toward it. Alice drew back but not quickly enough, for George saw her and as he rode past lifted his cap and bowed to her. It was all in an instant. Her heart was in a flutter as she went to her mirror to see herself.

It was a beautiful face that looked out at her from the mirror; such a face as artists vie to paint. Her hair was bunched and curled above her forehead till it looked like webs of spun gold and tumbled down in waves over two pink, shell-like ears in wilful waywardness. Her two blue eyes danced like fairies with excitement. Her nose was mounded into a dainty slenderness and had the faintest little turn to give her a look of childish sauciness. She was pretty and was going to tell herself so when the thought came that the tipping of the cap and the bow were not the actions of a gentleman. "We are strangers," she thought to herself, "no gentleman would make so bold with an unknown young lady." Then came self accusation: "No young lady would stand at a window to court such attentions!" No matter; it was his fault. He should not have done it. She had a perfect right to stand at the window; he had no right to bow to her—she did not know him. "But just think, he remembered me!" she murmured to herself. "I only glanced at him and he remembered me. He even asked where I lived, for, why did the other officer point toward the house if Colonel Conroy had not asked."

After all George Conroy and his uniform were stirring things in Alice Drake's heart and she was not displeased. She tucked back a truant wisp of hair that had escaped from its place, patted it here and there, tilted her head jauntily to one side and fled light-hearted to the parlor. She paused at the entrance holding aside the dark red curtains. The old Major was lounged in a great arm-chair devouring the morning paper. His face was scowling and now and then he clenched the paper tightly in his hands. He was reading a pacifist's speech against war. The pacifist had never been in war; Major Drake had; he had drunk down its bitterness, had seen some of its atrocities; he knew "War is hell!" with the eternity left out. He believed the Gospel injunction "to turn the other cheek", "but," he would add,

"then take a fling at the other fellow's cheek." "Watchful waiting" is all right if the other fellow is out of ammunition. It's like the farmer who watchfully waited while the boys stole his fruit and had determined to fill them with bird-shot and pepper only if they attempted to take his fruit trees.

Alice watched him silently for a little time, then tip-toeing to the piano she gave the bass a sounding thwack with both hands. The old Major straightened up with a start. She ran over to him and flung her arms about his neck. "Did I frighten you, Daddy?"

"Well, you did take me a little by surprise," he answered caressing her cheek.

"What?" she laughed. "And you a soldier!"

"But, my dear, the enemy doesn't come into your parlor and fire off a cannon at your ear."

Alice went back to the piano and after running her fingers lightly over the keys she burst out with her full round voice into that sweet-sad love song: "Oh! Don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt". The old Major came over and stood behind her. She put all her soul into it and when she had ended she sat motionless gazing at the score before her. "He remembered me!" was her thought. She was startled by her father speaking behind her.

"Alice, you grow more like your mother every day. Before we were married she used to sing that song just as you sang it now. Women haven't changed since I was young: I wonder whom you were thinking of when you were singing?"

Alice blushed.

"Why, father, I sang it for you!"

"Yes," he chuckled, "I heard it, but Bob didn't!"

"Bob? Bob again!" she answered pettishly. "You know I don't bother my head about Bob Earlwaite!"

"Oh, oh! trying to surprise me, eh? Well, girls are girls the world over. They keep their hearts hidden even from their knowing old fathers." He walked toward the hallway, then turned to her: "I'm going to Fort Irving this afternoon; do you want to go and see Bob?"

"Oh, yes! Surely!" she answered and fluttered up to her room. She took all her finery from her wardrobe and spread it out on the bed and tried but in vain till dinner time to choose what she should

wear. The old Major going down the hallway was laughing to himself:

"She can't fool me about Colonel Bob!"

* * * *

Major Drake was a lover of fine horses and that afternoon he drove Black Prince, his pet, to Fort Irving. He left Alice seated alone in the carriage talking with Colonel Bob. Rifle practice was going on at one end of the field and the quick, sharp reports made Black Prince nervous and excited. Bob was telling Alice of camp life but her efforts to quiet the horse and her mind busy with thoughts of another Colonel made her a poor listener. She looked over Bob's head and saw Colonel Conroy riding toward them. Her face glowed with unfeigned pleasure.

"Isn't that Colonel Conroy, Bob?" she asked excitedly.

Bob turned and was on the point of answering, "Yes," when the deafening roar of a cannon drowned his voice. Black Prince reared up and with a snort lunged forward. The suddenness of his plunge jerked the lines from her hands. Bob attempted to grasp them but the front wheel of the carriage struck him and knocked him down. Colonel Conroy saw it all and putting spurs to his horse dashed after the frightened animal in a cloud of dust. Black Prince kept straight on increasing his speed with every bound, straining every muscle to get away from the roar ringing in his ears. Alice tried to reach over the dash-board for the lines but it was madness and she could only cling to the seat. The field terminated abruptly and fell away in a jagged cliff. She was pale with fear: her heart almost stopped beating for she saw that Black Prince was making straight for the cliff. She saw the horrible plunge that awaited her. She caught up her skirt tightly about her and was making ready to leap when she heard the thunder of hoofs behind and a voice crying out: "Don't jump!" Then a horseman sped past her. She saw a powerful arm reach out and Black Prince's head was wrenched cruelly backward, and then she sank limp on the seat.

(To be continued.)

J. COLL, C. Ss. R.

How War music is killing the rag-time dance.—*Headline.*

If all the victims of the war were as easily spared as this one how blithely we should call: Bring on the gas bombs.

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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IN DISGUISE

While visiting the poor of the town of Eisenach one day, St. Elizabeth of Hungary found a leprous child that needed care. Lifting the loathsome, suffering little body into her own arms, she bore it to the castle and laid it in her own bed and comforted its pain.

This made the mother of Louis, who was St. Elizabeth's husband, very angry. To think of bringing the sick child into the house and even into her own bed! And when Louis came home she complained bitterly:

"Elizabeth has lost her right mind. Look what she has done now. She has brought a leprous child into the house and laid it in her bed."

Louis did become impatient and went to remonstrate with his wife.

"Did you bring a leprous child into the house?" he began.

"Come!" said Elizabeth sweetly; and she quietly led the way to her room.

Lo! what they saw! How all eyes opened wide with wonder! There lay a child, a smiling child, fair and soft, and beautiful beyond telling, who faded from their sight and left the bed empty even while they looked on.

The child was Our Lord in disguise, who wished to assure them of the truth of the words He spoke when on earth: "Whatsoever you do to the least of my brethren, you do it to me."

A TRAVELLER'S COMPANION

As to Senator Kenna of West Virginia, says a writer in the *Ave Maria*, I have the following to record:

My Superior, Brother Tobias of St. John's College, told us of it the day of its occurrence. He met the Senator on a B. & O. train from Baltimore to Washington; and as Brother Tobias went forward to chat with him, the Senator said: "Excuse me, Brother, for a moment. I just want to finish my beads," showing the Rosary and his fingers on the second last of the five decades. The Rosary finished, he began a lively chat with the Brother, incidentally informing him modestly that he seldom let a day pass without saying his beads, which he always carried in his vest pocket.

THE FAMILY ROSARY

In "Under the Cedars and Stars," Canon Sheehan, the famous Irish author-priest, thus pictures for us an Irish family Rosary. The scene is laid in Lisdoonvarna, the well-known County Clare health resort:

"Passing along the corridor of my hotel that night on my way to my own room, I was accosted by a friend. After a few minutes' conversation he invited me to his room. Oysters and champagne? No. A game of nap? No. A whole family, three generations of them, were gathered into the father's bedroom. They were saying their night prayers before retiring for the night. The aged grandmother was reciting the first decade of the Rosary as we entered. We knelt. When she had finished she looked around and said, 'Alice, go on.' Alice was a tiny tot of seven summers. She promptly took up the recitation, repeated the form of meditation as found in the Catholic prayer books, and slowly and sweetly gave out the decade to the end. The grandmother looked around again, and called out, 'Go on, Willie.' Willie was the father, a grey-haired man of fifty-seven. In the mother's imagination he was still but the child she had carried in her arms half a century ago. Willie finished and the aged mistress of ceremonies called out, now a grand-child, now the mother, until all was ended. Then the children kissed 'good night' and departed."

A MOTHER'S LESSON

Some friends were talking about children and their ways.

"I saw a pretty thing the other day," said a teacher. "You remember little Robert Donovan? He is only a handful in school, but since I saw him in the five and ten cent store the other day he has gone up a hundred per cent in my regard. He was wandering about the store with a younger brother. Finally he stopped at the counter where religious articles are displayed. Robert's mischievous little face grew very serious suddenly; he picked up a crucifix from the counter, kissed it, put it to his brother's lips and replaced it; then taking the baby's hand he walked off. Wasn't that sweet?"

"It was better than sweet," said a mother; "it was holy. Can't you imagine the home-training those little ones are getting? They know the crucifix and they respect and love it. That, it seems to me,

is the highest knowledge. You may teach Robert much in school, but his mother has taught him the best lesson of all."

How true are this mother's words! May every mother who reads them resolve to teach her little son the same beautiful, holy lesson.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

MARY PICKFORD AND PRAYER

Mary Pickford herself, writing in the Chicago Herald some time ago, is authority for the following story, which gives us an insight into her character. She says:

"I was frightfully worried just before mother went on the operating table a few months ago and I asked all the little children in an orphanage where I frequently go, to pray for her on the day of the operation. The sisters got them all up at 6 o'clock in the morning, to hear Mass and pray for mother. One baby, not more than four years old, suddenly broke the silence of the chapel by saying aloud in her baby voice:

"Please, Dod, don't let Mary Pickie's mother die."

"I am thankful that the little orphan's prayer was answered and I have my mother well and strong again."

More than one has experienced that the prayers of the poor, of the afflicted, of children, and especially of the poor little orphans, is very acceptable to God.

A CONVERT'S TESTIMONY

Cecil Chesterton, one time Socialist, now a Catholic, says of the Church: "I had perceived her to be right on ninety-nine questions out of a hundred. On the hundredth alone I fancied her wrong. When after all she turned out to be right on that the thing looked like a miracle. If you look at history in small sections it is easy to make out a case for the view that the Church is an obstruction to reform. But a general survey makes the opposite truth clear." This is the conviction that would be to-day entertained by all those who see in the Church an obstacle to progress were their minds open to historical truth and their researches conducted along fair and unbiased lines. To know the Church is to embrace her as the mother of civilization and source and inspiration of the world's advancement.—*Hartford Transcript.*

Pointed Paragraphs

BOMBS OF POISON GAS

We have just glanced through the Book Review of the daily paper to see what kind of mental fodder the indiscriminate novel-reader batten on. We found that half the books were written with the avowed intent of fostering divorce and blasting respect for the sanctity of marriage; several of the others exploited the obscene under the pretext of discussing sex problems.

Parents who are pained at the change that has come over their novel-reading daughter need not go far to seek the cause of her transformation.

BRITANNIA

A bill before the English parliament proposes to grant a divorce to husband or wife on the grounds of three years of even involuntary separation. If parliament passes this iniquitous law aimed at the stability of the home, it will have struck Britain a more deadly blow than ever the Kaiser contemplated.

THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING

The old, old question: Why must we suffer? is brought home to us with brutal vividness in these sad days when three-fourths of our people are going about their routine work with the fierce pain of a recent wound in their inmost heart. Those who have lost faith in God and in His Christ look in vain for the answer; their seeking must end in sullen Stoicism or blank despair. The true Christian, on the other hand, instinctively calls up the image of the Saviour who went before us bearing His cross, who with His own bleeding feet traced for us the way up the rugged height of Calvary, who, to hearten us, Himself first drank deep of the bitter medicine we all must taste. 'Tis this vision that teaches the Christian the answer to the question, Why must we suffer?—and how? He may not be able to formulate it in words, but that he has found the answer—the true, adequate, satisfying answer—is evident from the fact that he emerges from the trial chastened, purified, meek, patient, kindly, prayerful. Blessed is

that soul that has learned to say in its sorrow: "Passion of Christ, comfort me!" For it will be consoled by the sweet response: "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

VALENTINE DAY

February 14 is Valentine Day, that is to say, it is the feast of the glorious martyr of Jesus Christ, St. Valentine. How many, think you, ever breathe a prayer to the Christian hero to whom the day is dedicated? Illicit love is fostered by means of the amorous valentine; cowardly hate is glutted by means of the insulting anonymous valentine. 'Tis thus they presume to celebrate the feast of a saint of God! This universal abuse of prostituting Christian festivals into orgies of sin smells to heaven.

CHINESE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Chinese missionaries are longing for the day when the Knights of Columbus will be established among their dear converts. They urgently request that the Knights send one or more able speakers who can go about and lecture to the people with an interpreter at their side to translate their words into Chinese. Protestants have done this through the American leaders of the Y. M. C. A., and they have had wonderful success. Intelligent Chinamen have the highest regard for American, for American liberty, American broad-mindedness, American methods, but unfortunately they are under the impression that all American are Protestants. It is to counteract this fatal error that the missionaries wish to have Catholic lecturers from America. The interest, even enthusiasm, of the auditors will be assured.

"A HERETIC AVOID"

"A man that is a heretic . . . avoid." (Tit. III, 10.) This is what St. Paul said, and St. Paul was inspired by the Holy Ghost when he said it. "A man that is a heretic . . . avoid." If there are non-Catholics among your neighbors and acquaintances, treat them with the true Christian charity, visit them in sickness, comfort them in sorrow, and help them in need, but do not choose them for your closest friends and constant companions. The Holy Ghost, in the

words of St. Paul, forbids you to do so. Do not be so proud, so presumptuous, as to say: There is no danger for me. I have strong faith. Remember faith is a gift of God. Without God's grace you cannot retain faith for one moment. Neither is God wont to bestow His choice graces upon the proud and the presumptuous. "A man that is a heretic . . . avoid."

IMAGE WORSHIP

You can lead your child before a statue of George Washington and say: "My son, he was a true man. Take him as your model. Have his portrait in your room, so that every time you look upon those strong, noble features, you may feel spurred on to lead the life of a clean man, an earnest man, a true man." You can do this, and no fellow American will charge you with the crime of adoring images.

Then by what right can your fellow Christians charge you with image worship, if you lead your son before the statue of Jesus Christ, the highest model of true manhood, and say: "My child, keep this image before you to spur you on to do always the best that is in you," or if you lead your daughter before the picture of the noble Cecelia, the chaste Agnes, or the spotless Virgin Mary, and say: "My child, look often upon the representation of this pure woman, and mould your character upon hers?"

ASTROLOGICAL HOROSCOPE

There are addle pates in plenty who devote more serious attention to the daily horoscope which reads future events in the stars, than they devote to their prayer book. They forget that they are guilty of the sin of superstition if they believe that any science of star-gazing can foretell free human acts. It is easy to see what sorry dupes the astrologer caters to, for we read, for instance, at the beginning of last month that: "a big battle in which Americans will pay toll is forecasted for a date near at hand," "there will be big explosions in the vicinity of New York and Washington," "children born this month may be careless and too fond of company for their own good".

Wherefore look at the stars to foretell events that even an idiot knows are bound to happen!

"Woman is the only female that allows the male to sustain her." This is the sad lament of the Super Woman.

She might have added: "Man is the only male that comes home at night and finds that the female, whom he supports, has prepared for him a neat, cozy room and an appetizing supper, has mended his clothes and darned his socks, has rocked his babies and constantly and untiringly directed their unfolding minds towards the higher and nobler things that raise man immeasurably above the brute creation."

The more the faith grows among men the more will the feverish pursuit of earthly vanities cease, and as charity waxes strong social conflicts and tumults will gradually die away.—*Pope Benedict XV.*

When an advanced-thought society woman lights on some one that catches her fancy more than the husband of the past year or so, she no longer needs to go through the vulgar formalities of a divorce suit; she simply recognizes the subtle tones of his soul voice which has been calling out to her soul since the shadowy dawn of time. How could even a husband stand in the way of a union based on such sublime other-worldliness!

MARY IMMACULATE

Methought proud Satan spoke in high disdain:

"Advance, my hordes, the souls of men are mine;

"Rests none whom sin of Adam can't confine—

"Yea, none—to flaming pits, eternal pain."

Indeed, proud fiend! A lying boast in vain.

Majestic Justice mirrored now doth shine

Much splendor; armoured as in battle line

Arrayed She stands to crush thy upstart brain;

Condemned thou art beneath her feet to pine.

Untarnished brightness Hers, the Morning Star:

Leads onward e'er thy path of sin to bar;

A sword She wields, her Son's, the Word Divine.

Thou dar'st not smirch the least her stainless fame;

Elect of God, IMMACULATE her name.

—*Paul O. Balzer, C. Ss. R.*

	Catholic Events	
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Bishop Foley of Detroit died Jan. 5, aged 84. He was born in Maryland City of Irish parents, the youngest of seven children. His brother was Bishop of Chicago. When he was made its bishop, Detroit had 75,000 Catholics; at his death there were 200,000. There are persistent rumors afloat that Detroit will be created an archbishopric with the other bishoprics of Michigan as suffragan sees. Bishop Kelly will govern the diocese until a successor to Bishop Foley is appointed by Rome. Most Rev. John Ireland, the aged Archbishop of St. Paul, sent the following touching message: "I am stricken with grief at the loss of my friend Bishop Foley. He was one of the most cherished links binding me to life on earth. Without him, I feel sadly alone. Goodbye, Bishop Foley! Go to your reward—for your long and stainless career, for your many achievements in the service of religion as priest in Baltimore and as Bishop in Detroit."

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The cause of beatification of the Chinese martyrs makes inspiring reading for all whose Catholic charity embraces the great mission field of the Orient. The martyrs number 1743; at their head, four venerable Vicars Apotolic.

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Patrick Gallagher of Hanover, Iowa, presented the Stations of the Cross to his parish church in honor of his 110th birthday.

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"Catholic Missions" tells us that the importation of strong drink has been one of the chief obstacles to the temporal and spiritual betterment of the natives in missionary countries, especially in Africa and the South Sea Islands, and in one year 5,850,000 gallons of rum were shipped from the port of Boston for this wicked trade.

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President Wilson has instructed Mr. Hoover to refer to England, France, etc., not as "our allies", but as "our associates". We have made no alliances, neither have we any allies, says the President.

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Colonel Monteagle-Brown was expelled from the British army on account of charges brought against him in the House of Commons, one of the charges being that at Loos he had refused to allow a Catholic Chaplain to visit a dying man.

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Mgr. O'Hearn, Rector of the American College in Rome, presented Pope Benedict with the generous Christmas offering of the Catholics of America. The Holy Father was deeply grateful,—all the more so because he has given so much to relieve his suffering children, that he has been obliged to dismiss half his household, and go with the remainder on war rations.

When Father Zepenni applied to the Mexican Consul, Seguin, for passports to Mexico, he was told that Carranza has given orders that no priests be allowed to enter the country.

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Walter N. Kernan, commissioner abroad for the Knights of Columbus War Activities, cables that the work there is well under way and that General Pershing as well as the Red Cross and other organizations have shown themselves markedly favorable.

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Girls from the parochial schools of Philadelphia captured 45 out of 100 prizes in an essay contest conducted by one of the business men of the city.

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Those who are willing to make a sacrifice for future generations of American Catholics would do well to interest themselves in the American Catholic Historical Society. Its aim and work is to collect, classify, preserve, and make known the facts of American Catholic History. Whoever can furnish original documents bearing upon the subject, such as, letters, personal diaries, and the like, will confer an inestimable benefit upon the society.

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Every Catholic who has at heart the great and glorious work of the foreign missions will be pleased to know that five young men have just received Holy Orders at Maryknoll, the cradle of American Missionaries to foreign lands.

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The Jesuit University at Washington has sent 769 of its students to fight for their country. This is the best showing of any college in the United States. Four of these men have already died on the field of battle; a fifth received the Cross of Honor for bravery under fire.

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Bishop Agouard reports that cannibalism still endures in his mission among the High Oubanghi. Two Bondjos attacked and killed two native fishermen, cooked their flesh and exposed it for sale in the open market. The crime would have remained unknown and unpunished had not one of the Bondjos shortly afterwards beaten his wife. The enraged woman took the charred arm of one of the murdered men on which the fingers were still visible. She produced this damning evidence before the police, and the murderers were arrested.

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Non-Catholics of the United States have today in the foreign field about 5,000 missionaries; Catholics, numbering more than half as many as all protestant denominations, have less than sixteen native-born representatives working among the heathen.

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In a private audience the Holy Father showed himself particularly kind toward Mr. Charles Carroll, a descendant of the heroic signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Carroll is in Rome as a member of the American Red Cross Commission.

The miraculous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, served by the Canadian Redemptorists, reports for the year just closed: 166,901 Pilgrims and Visitors; 6,500 Masses said; 173,000 Communion received. This a considerable falling off from former years due to the fact that the railway companies decided last spring not to give cars for pilgrimages from a distance because the locomotives, cars, etc., were needed for transporting soldiers, munitions, etc.

The New York State Council of the Knights of Columbus is maintaining eighteen scholarships in various colleges.

In many country districts of our Southern states a Catholic is seldom seen, and as a consequence anti-Catholic prejudice has held sway. The example of the Catholic soldiers who have been sent South for training, their clean upright lives, their fidelity in hearing Mass on Sunday, is exerting untold power for good on these poor people. In Camp McClellan, Alabama, out of 40,000 soldiers, 14,000 are Catholics.

The great annual Church Unity Octave from Jan. 18 to Jan. 25 has just been celebrated with gratifying enthusiasm. Not merely during the Church Unity Octave, but every day of our lives, we ought to pray for this truly apostolic intention—the return of the erring sects to their mother, the Catholic Church, “so that there may be one fold and one Shepherd.”

The Hon. Alvan T. Fuller gave \$1,000 toward the Y. M. C. A. camp fund. After he had seen the work done for the soldiers by the Knights of Columbus, he gave the same amount to them.

Just now while the work of the foreign missions is feeling the sad effects of the war, it is consoling to learn that there is in many regions an increase of vocations to the priesthood among the native Catholics. It is interesting to read of many of their unique customs. In Malabar, for instance, the mothers and sisters of the newly ordained cast their jewels at the feet of the young priests in truly oriental fashion as fitting offerings for Christ's ambassadors.

Father O'Hearn, who has taken such an important part in the work for Catholic soldiers and sailors, states that over fifty per cent of the marines, “the most efficient fighting force in the world,” are Catholics, that the percentage of Catholics among the sailors is still larger, that there are at present over 300,000 Catholics in the various branches of the American fighting men, and that after the new draft is finished there will be in the neighborhood of 437,000. These figures give some idea of the vast work the Knights of Columbus have undertaken in providing for the spiritual and social welfare of our boys.

The Benedictine Father Ludford, a native of Chicago, is chaplain to the British army that took possession of Jerusalem.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
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(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

As a Catholic am I allowed to join the Royal Neighbors or Woodmen?

This same question was proposed some years ago to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* and the following answer was given:

"Catholics are forbidden to be members of a society, whether it is named 'Woodmen', 'Royal Neighbors', or anything else, in the following cases:

"1. If the constitution of such society require from its members, under oath or otherwise, *absolute secrecy* regarding the motives and acts done under the authority of said society. By absolute secrecy is meant the keeping of a thing from one who has a right to the knowledge of it, such as the guide of conscience who represents God's law, or a third person whose temporal or eternal interests are injured by withholding from him the means of saving himself, or the civil authorities who require such knowledge for the common good, the preservation of peace, order, and prosperity of the community.

"2. If the constitutions of the society demand (either by oath or mere promise) from its members a blind and *unconditional obedience* to those who represent authority in the society. Such blind obedience involves renouncing of one's own judgment and freedom of will, to the exercise of which every man is entitled, and which he may renounce only when the things commanded are in harmony with the divine law.

"A person who promises blind obedience to the commands of a secret society deprives himself of the power to judge whether the act he is urged to perform is good or bad, and he thus absolutely renounces the free exercise of both reason and will. This no man may do, not even in a religious society, because the vow of obedience is always clearly understood to exclude acts which are contrary to the law of God.

"3. If the societies are organized for the purpose of making open or secret opposition to God's Church or against the lawful civil government. Such societies are forbidden because they

destroy order, obedience, and public morality, although they may have been founded from motives which mainly appeal to patriotism and a sense of liberty. The defence of liberty which neglects obedience to the law of God is sinful license.

"4. If the societies have their own minister or chaplain (not ordained in the Church of God), their own (religious) ritual, and their own (religious) ceremonial, they are out of communion with the Catholic Church, and are forbidden to Catholics."

The Review then concludes that those who wish to join the "Woodmen", or "Royal Neighbors", should know whether these societies come under any one or more of the four kinds above-described. If they do not know, they must inquire; on a matter which affects their liberty of conscience they should obtain definite assurance, given in a plain answer by the heads of the society. The constitutions of a society should make it clear whether its objects and methods are lawful or not.

We would add that in the case of many fraternal or social societies, even such as are not positively prohibited by the Church, the Catholic who joins them exposes himself to the danger of becoming indifferent in matters of faith and of losing his hold on the supernatural and of being content with a mere natural goodness.

Finally, never join a non-Catholic organization without first obtaining the approval of your pastor.

In these days, when we read of so many women being robbed of their honor by the brutal soldiers of invading armies, will you kindly answer this question through your valuable magazine: would it be a sin for a girl to take her life rather than lose her virtue?

Catholic theology teaches that it is never allowed directly and by private authority to take one's own life, because to do so is unjustly to usurp a right that belongs to God alone. Therefore a woman or girl would be guilty of mortal sin who would inflict death on herself in order to avoid the

evil mentioned in the question. But what she may and ought to do is by every means in her power to resist the attack made upon her. If by her resistance she causes the death of her aggressor, she is guilty of no wrong. If in defending her honor for the love of God and of virtue she herself suffers death, she is looked upon by the Church as a martyr. If her assailant succeeds in his criminal designs on her against her will, she should remember that she has not committed any sin and that therefore God and right-thinking men do not look upon her with any less favor than before. The evil she has suffered, terrible though it be is only a physical evil, and is therefore less, not only than the crime she would have committed had she killed herself, but is even less than the smallest deliberate venial sin.

Kindly explain what is meant by second sight?

Second sight is a power, supposed to be possessed by certain persons, of seeing objects and events far beyond the range of ordinary eye sight, and even of foreseeing the future. It is also called clairvoyance. Does any human being really possess such power? Well, in the first place, it is certain that many of those who claim to be clairvoyant and to possess second sight are merely frauds and tricksters who are trying to make an easy living by duping a gullible public. Secondly, it is sure that no human being possesses the *natural* power of foreseeing future events except such as may be conjectured with more or less certainty from past experience or from the operation of known natural laws. If, outside of these cases, any one does really foresee and know future things, he does so by some supernatural or preternatural help. God may, either Himself or through His angels, confide the secrets of the future to persons of holy life, who are His friends, and He has actually done so in the past. But such is the character of the usual fortune-teller and clairvoyant that it is impossible to suppose that God would choose them as means to communicate His secrets to men. Therefore, if these persons really possess this knowledge of the future, they must have obtained it through the assistance of the devil. Thirdly, supposing that some persons really possess the power of being aware of events that are tak-

ing place at great distances, it cannot be proved that this faculty is not some mysterious natural force, nor, on the other hand, can it be proved that it does not come from the evil spirit. To consult a fortune-teller, clairvoyant, etc., in order to learn future hidden things is to commit a sin of superstition, to endanger one's faith, and perhaps to give scandal. To dabble in these occult matters at all, even where there is a possibility of their having a merely natural explanation, is dangerous and to be avoided.

Kindly advise me how I can have Gregorian Masses read for the deceased? What are the conditions?

St. Gregory the Great relates in his "Dialogues" that a monk named Justus belonging to the Convent of St. Andrew had committed a serious fault. He was punished for it, repented, and soon after died. Thirty days later, St. Gregory, who before becoming Pope had been Abbot of the monastery of St. Andrew, called the new superior and ordered him to have a Mass said each day for thirty successive days for the repose of the soul of the deceased monk Justus. This was done. On the last of the thirty days Justus appeared to another monk and told the latter that he, Justus, had been freed from Purgatory. The foregoing occurrence, related by St. Gregory himself, gave rise to the custom of the faithful having the Holy Sacrifice offered on thirty successive days for the faithful departed. These Masses are called Gregorian Masses after St. Gregory. The Church has officially declared: "The belief of the faithful that the celebration of the thirty so-called Gregorian Masses for a Poor Soul has the special power to free that soul from Purgatory is a pious and reasonable belief and the practice of having these Masses celebrated is approved in the Church." Thus the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences on March 15, 1884. The only conditions to be observed are that the Masses be offered on thirty consecutive days without interruption and that each and every Mass be applied to the same Poor Soul. If you tell your pastor that you wish the Gregorian Masses celebrated and for whom and if you give him the usual stipend or offering, he will attend to the fulfilment of the necessary conditions.

Some Good Books

The Parish Theatre. By the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

The Dramatic Club or the amateur theatricals of the young folks' sodalities are fast becoming a popular feature of many parishes. Many a splendid beginning in this line has come to naught from lack of a due appreciation of its purpose and its requirements. Father Smith very concisely outlined the aim and needs of such productions, and a careful reading of his book will aid many an aspiring organization. The list of plays which he has added at the end of the volume will prove most useful to the conductors of these parish theatricals, as to each play he has added a neat description.

Elizabeth Bess, a Little Girl of the Sixties. By E. C. Scott. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

This is a pretty story for children and remarkably well written. Wound about a romance of Elizabeth and Howell Bradford is a series of child adventures which will entertain the old no less than the young. "Elizabeth Bess" is a typical girl and her little escapades are always in keeping with age and sex. Mothers would do well to keep in the hands of their children such books as "Elizabeth Bess".

The Boyhood of a Priest. By Armel O'Conner. Benziger Bros.

This is a little booklet that too many boys cannot read. Its author is an artist and knows boy nature thoroughly. Every boy who feels a longing for the greater things of life should make himself acquainted with this small booklet. The Rev. W. H. Plooard of the Society of Charity has written an introduction in keeping with the contents of the booklet.

Blessed Are They That Mourn. By Mother Mary Loyola. Preface by Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. Price \$1.00.

A touching little volume in Mother Loyola's best heart-to-heart style. It is her tribute of sympathy to the countless women,—mothers, wives, sisters, and bethrothed—who mourn the loss of loved ones in this terrible war. She

bids those who suffer to recall the principles of faith that teach why sufferings are sent, that they may not mourn "even as others that have no hope".

Though the word of comfort comes from within the convent walls, it will be found that they are words that solace sorrow and are tender with a sympathetic realization of the pain they would assuage. The volume will bring balm to many a stricken heart.

Charred Wood, A Mystery Story. By Myles Muredach. (Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelly.) The Reilly and Britton Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

Mgr. Kelly writing under the pen-name, Myles Muredach, calls his novel a mystery story and there is mystery enough in the details to warrant the title. The love at first sight of Mark Griffen and Ruth is a mystery, Charlotte, Ruth's sister is a mystery, and to the worldly way of thinking, Father Murray's imitation of the humiliated Christ is a mystery, and mayhap the immorality of international diplomacy can be classed as a mystery.

The plot of the story is well drawn and there is not a single page where the interest flags. The love of Mark and Ruth runs no more smoothly than love is supposed to run in novels. There are times when things become so clouded that even the optimist reader grows fearful. Fidelity, however, ultimately has its reward.

The book can be placed in the hands of any one. For although Father Murray gives a beautiful portrayal of Holy Church, he does so in such an unobtrusive, charitable manner as to hurt the feeling of none.

Various Discourses. By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. Joseph F. Wagner. \$2.00.

These are twenty-six addresses given by Father Campbell on various occasions during the fifty years of his religious life. They cover a great deal of the ground of Catholic thought: touching on education, sociology, history, biography, and religion. They show the vastness of the learning of the venerable Jesuit. They are instructive and interesting and will well pay careful reading.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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As the doctor was showing some friends through an insane asylum he drew their attention to a stately old woman wearing a paper crown. He explained that she imagined she was the Queen of England, and for their amusement he advanced toward her with a courtly bow and said: "Good morning, your Majesty."

The old woman looked at him and retorted scornfully: "You're a fool, sir."

The doctor was greatly astonished, but totally collapsed when one of the party remarked innocently: "Why, doctor, she was sane enough then."

"I have composed what I deem a characteristic drinking song."

"What d'ye mean, characteristic?"

"There's a long pause before the last bar."

Sometimes a man drinks so much that he has to be bailed out.

Soon after a certain judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed, he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself.

"Mary," he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was stopping, "you've been in this country how long?"

"Two years, sir," she said.

"Do you like it?"

"Sure it's well enough," answered Mary.

"But, Mary," the judge continued, "you have many privileges in this country which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a justice of the Supreme Court, and chatting familiarly with him?"

"But, sure, sir," said Mary, quite in earnest, "you'd never be a judge at home!"

A gang of Italian laborers was working in a section of Boston where the mud was exceedingly deep. Suddenly one of the gang cried out:

"Help! Help!"

"What's the matter out there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov! Bringa da peek! Antonio's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No! No! He canna no walk! He wronga end up!"

Two boys got into a discussion and when all legitimate arguments had been exhausted, the following repartee was heard:

"Snow again, I don't catch the drift."

"Keep on spouting, kid; you're a whale."

"Tie your shoe, your tongue's hanging out."

"Hang crepe on yer ear, you mutt; yer brain is dead."

"Aw, sand your tracks, yer slippin'!"

"Sneeze, little one; your bean is dusty."

Once a trapper from the backwoods of Kentucky was riding in a railroad car for the first time.

Right in front of him sat a bald-headed man reading a newspaper. He was pretty "thin on top", but there was a good fringe of hair round the base of his head.

The man was scratching these lower regions vigorously from time to time—it appeared as if he would never get done scratching.

The trapper, much interested in the operation, leaned forward and said in a confidential way:

"That's right, neighbor, that's right. Chase 'em up into th' clearin', an' then yer ketch 'em easier."

The grammar-school principal went from room to room explaining what to do in case of fire. The pupils listened with respectful attention until he came to his final instruction, then smiles and giggles disturbed the principal's serenity.

"Above all things," he said, "if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."